No. 1401.—Vol. 54

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

April 7, 1888

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

"The rapid patter from the Maxims, which resembled the distant puffing of the engine of a railway-train."

BATTLE OF DOVER: MAXIM 'CYCLE GUN IN ACTION.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER; for it will positively restore, in every case, grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promotes the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed.

This preparation has never been known to fail in restoring the hair to its natural colour and gloss in from eight to twelve days.

It may be had of any respectable Chemist, Perfumer, or Dealer in Toilet Articles in the Kingdom, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle.

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BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES reach directly the affected parts, and give almost immediate relief. All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of Brown's Bronchial Troches. The demulcent ingredients allay pulmonary irritation, and after public speaking or singing, when the throat is wearied and weakened by too much exercise, their use will give renewed strength to the vocal organs. For public speakers, singers, and those who overtax the voice, they are useful in relieving an irritated throat, and will render articulation easy. Sold by all Medicine Dealers, 1s. 1½d. per Box.

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS. — Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once. It produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is perfectly harmless, and very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

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IS THE BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE IN THE WORLD.

It thoroughly cleanses partially decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath.

The FRAGRANT FLORILINE removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke.

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ADELPHI.—A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.—THE BELLS OF HASLEMERE. A New Original Drama, by Henry J. Smith and Sydney Grundy, EVERY EVENING, at Eight. Mr. William Terriss and a powerful Company. Farce at 7.15. Box-office Ten to Five.

THE CYCLE IN WARFARE.

At a meeting of the Society of Cyclists, held last week in Conduit-street, a paper upon "Military Cycling," by Mr. Edwin Chadwick, C.B., was read.—Dr. B. W. Richardson presided, and there was a large attendance, among those present being Mr. Hiram Maxim, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Major Knox Holmes, Dr. Danford Thomas, and the venerable author of the paper. In front of the platform was exhibited a four-wheeled Humber tricycle for three riders, fitted with a Maxim gun at the rear, and a rifle inside the right-hand front wheel. The weight of the gun, with a range of 1500 yards, was 42lb., and that of the cycle 120 lb.

Lieutenant-Colonel Pavelle, writing from the Royal Military College at Farnborough to express regret at not being able to attend the meeting, said he was convinced that one of the most urgent requirements of modern warfare was the provision of a force of mobile infantry which might be used on all occasions when it became necessary to augment the "fire power" of cavalry, or afford the support required by that arm when employed far in front of the main columns of an army. He added that the Easter manœuvres would be full of interest, for our Volunteer cyclists would be actively employed in the first line of attack against an invader, and would fight at Salisbury as mobile infantry against infantry in a defensive position. [As it happened, the windy weather and miry state of the roads were much against the gallant wheelmen; but that the cyclists were very useful may be gathered from the reports of the Dover Review.]

In the course of his paper, prepared for the Society of Cyclists, Mr. Edwin Chadwick attempted to show that the attainment of absolute perfection in the art of destruction would put an end to all wars. Mr. Maxim afterwards gave a minute description of the automatic machine-gun (of which we give a faithful drawing on our front page). In answer to a question from the chairman, Mr. Maxim said he had had special opportunities of making observations on the Continent, and he had no hesitation in saying that for their artillery generally the French were far ahead of all other nations of Europe.

Thames Angling.—Sunday was the opening day of the season for Thames trout-fishing, and the river was thus again thrown open to anglers. The close season for coarse fish—jack, perch, roach, bream, barbel, eels, dace, gudgeon, &c.—commenced on the 16th ult. The trout-fishing promises to be fairly good this season.

An East-End Crime.—On a charge of attempting to murder Eliza Jane Lowe by cutting her throat and stabbing her with a razor at Bauldridge-street, Bow, James Brown, a private in the 7th Dragoons, was remanded by Mr. Saunders at the Thames Police-Court on Monday.

Keating's Powder.—Kills Bugs, Moths, Fleas, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to everything but Insects. Tins, 6d. and 1s.—[Advt.]

Worms in Children.—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using Keating's Worm Tablets. Tins, 1s. 1½d. each.—[Advt.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor of The Penny Illustrated Paper should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, Thomas Fox, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

The Penny Illustrated Paper.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1888.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Alison, G.C.B., afforded the Volunteers who trooped to Aldershott Camp an opportunity of acquiring some of the experience of real warfare on Easter Monday, when the brave and gallant General acted as Umpire-in-Chief of the military operations ably carried out by Regulars and Volunteers in unison. The distinguished Umpire was accompanied by General Lord Wolseley, who was, however, in plain clothes as an observer merely—a 'cute one, for all that. Not unnaturally, with so consummately able a cavalry leader as modest Major-General Sir D. C. Drury Lowe in command of the "invading" forces, they gained the advantage over the defending troops led by Major-General H. J. Buchanan, C.B. When Sir Archibald Alison gave the "Cease Firing" signal it was manifest that the smartly-handled attacking force had won a decisive victory. No wonder the effective manœuvring of the Volunteers gained the warm approval of Lord Wolseley! It is by such combinations of the Volunteers and Regulars as took place at Aldershott that our riflemen may best obtain that workmanlike experience of the real business of war that will best prepare them for the hour of need. The Government will, it is to be hoped, see their way to increase the opportunities for bringing the Volunteers and Regulars shoulder to shoulder in camp and on Field-days.

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The Maxim automatic gun, mounted on a tricycle, has figured serviceably in the Easter manœuvres, particularly in the "Battle of Dover"; and it, accordingly, is aptly sketched on the preceding page. The proprietors claim for the Maxim superiority over all other mitrailleurs. Firstly, a single-barrel Maxim weighs but 42 lb. Secondly, as regards rapidity of firing, the Maxim is capable of discharging over 600 *shots per minute*. Then, the "water-jacket," i.e., the large barrel round the small one, prevents the latter from becoming overheated, and the "belt-feed" to supply the cartridges is intended to prevent "jamming." These advantages, together with the small number of men required to work the gun, it is contended, render "the Maxim automatic gun eighteen times as efficient as"—others which it would be invidious to name. I may add that Mr. Henry M. Stanley took care to arm himself with a Maxim gun for his expedition to rescue the courageous lieutenant of the late General Gordon, Emin Pasha, whose cry is, "Save me from my friends!"

I am requested by the Executive of the Royal Naval and Military Bazaar to say that the patronage and support of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, that dear old lady the Duchess of Cambridge, the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley, and numerous other "big guns" have been enlisted for this brilliant bazaar, which has for its praiseworthy object the establishment of Soldiers' and Sailors' Homes at various naval and military stations at home and abroad. The beneficent idea was gained, I apprehend, from the parent institution of this kind started by a benevolent lady in Portsmouth. Be that as it may, our fair Princesses and noblewomen are bound to take active part in making this coming bazaar a decided success. It is to be held during three days in May in the handsome Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole. Sir George Hayter Chubb is Chairman of the Executive Committee; and communications for the bazaar should be sent to 121, Wool Exchange, E.C.

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May the sun shine on May 14! That is the date fixed for the opening of the interesting Anglo-Danish Exhibition on the site of the Col-Indian Exhibition by the Princess of Wales. Won't the tableaux illustrating the charming fairy stories of Hans Christian Andersen engross the little people! As for the welcome revival of the Illuminated Baden-Baden Concerts, I don't know how Londoners have managed to do without them.

* * * * *

The Crystal Palace, obviously enjoying a welcome revival of popularity since it has been managed more briskly, had an enormous rush call of visitors on Good Friday, when no less than thirty thousand persons were gratified by the grand Sacred Concert, conducted by Mr. Manns. The superb Crystal Palace orchestra and the well-trained Crystal Palace choir were simply perfection; and no vocalist could desire heartier appreciation of supreme skill in rendering the sacred pieces than that which Miss Anna Williams and Madame Nordica, Mr. Edward Lloyd and Madame Patey, Mr. Barrington Foote and Mr. Henry Piercy received. As for Easter Monday at the Crystal Palace, the attendance of the public was gigantic, the number of visitors recorded being 65,546! The crowning attraction was the capital burlesque of "Two Lovely Black-Eyed Susan," by Mr. Horace Lennard, produced admirably by Mr. Oscar Barrett, and gleefully performed by nimble and tuneful Miss Fanny Leslie, dainty Dot Mario, and a capital burlesque company.

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Madame Albani, Madame Valleria, Madame Patey, Madame Trebelli, Madame Nordica, Miss Annie Marriott, Mr. Santley, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Barton McGuckin are to be the chief solo singers at the grand Handel Festival, to take place at the Crystal Palace on June 22, 25, 27, and 29.

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On Primrose Day, April 19, there is to be a Primrose Fête at the Crystal Palace, with appropriate pyrotechnic devices in honour of Lord Beaconsfield, a colossal statue of whom by Mr. Birch, A.R.A., will be unveiled.

* * * * *

Illuminated Garden Fêtes and Pastoral Ballets are to be judiciously repeated on summer evenings at the Crystal Palace.

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The arrival of Mr. Bram Stoker and the Lyceum Company at Queenstown on Tuesday heralded the return of Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry from New York. "Faust" is to be revived at the Lyceum, April 14.

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Mr. W. S. Gilbert's coming appearance as Pygmalion in his clever play of "Pygmalion and Galatea" will impart special interest to Mrs. Edward Saker's farewell benefit at the Liverpool Alexandra, next Saturday night.

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The sadly premature death of Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, the exceedingly able managing proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*, is greatly deplored in

Ireland. The interment of his remains in Glasnevin Cemetery on Saturday was made the occasion of a great funeral demonstration in Dublin. I regret the holidays have prevented me from giving Mr. Gray's likeness this week. Mrs. Gray, her son, and daughters have the sincerest sympathy of all who knew the sterling abilities and high qualities of Mr. Gray.

* * * * *

The Easter Recess of the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. W. H. Smith was soon over. They both had to come to town and resume harness on Tuesday. Sir Michael Hicks Beach's warm eulogium of the Premier's commanding abilities and high character must have been a welcome bit of reading to Lord Salisbury.

[*Town Edition.*] PHILIP.

Queen, Court, Fashion.

We learn from the Villa Palmieri, Florence, that on March 27 the Queen and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg went to the Pitti Palace, where her Majesty was received by Commendatore Foresti, head of the Royal Palace. Her Majesty was shown through the picture galleries.

On March 28, the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, drove to Quarto, and visited the King and Queen of Würtemberg.

The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and attended by the suite, proceeded on Saturday, March 31, to the Orphanage de Bigallo, in the Piazza del Duomo, in order to witness the ceremony of the Scoppio del Carro, an annual Florentine custom of great antiquity, consisting in a display of fireworks in the Piazza opposite the great door of the cathedral. They are lighted by a dove constructed of fireworks, which is ignited at noon during the celebration of High Mass, and, starting as it moves rapidly, descends a wire stretched from the top of the high altar through the great central door to the Piazza outside.

Her Majesty was received at the Orphanage, which is just opposite the cathedral, by the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Alfred, the Prefect, the Syndic, the British Ambassador, and the Consul-General, and the Royal party were conducted to an apartment on the ground floor, from which the proceedings could be watched. The Queen remained until it was all over, and during her stay conversed with the Syndic, who introduced to her Majesty the director of the Orphanage. The Queen of Servia also witnessed the ceremony from a room in the building. The Queen returned to the Villa Palmieri, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Prince Alfred, and was warmly cheered by the crowds on the Piazza del Duomo, her Majesty in return repeatedly bowing her acknowledgements.

On Monday afternoon the Queen and their Royal Highnesses drove in the Cascine, where her Majesty received a warm greeting from the élite of Florentine society, who had assembled in large numbers to welcome her.

We give a series of Artist's Views of Sandringham, in continuation of the two Engravings published with a long description of life at the Prince's Norfolk seat in the last Issue of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*. Sandringham Church, which their Royal Highnesses attended on Sunday, figures prominently in the Illustrations we print this week.

Apropos of the Silver Wedding, the Prince of Wales was presented at Sandringham on Monday with congratulatory addresses by deputations from the Norwich and King's Lynn Town Councils, and from his tenants and labourers: and tributes of all.

The piece of plate subscribed for by the members of the West Norfolk Fox Hounds, to commemorate the Royal Silver Wedding, will be presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Hunt Steeplechases, at East Winch, on Saturday.

The Emperor Frederick of Germany has been able to make repeated visits to Berlin, where he has been enthusiastically welcomed by the Berlinese. On Sunday morning last his Imperial Majesty felt very well, and, with the Empress and their daughters, he attended Divine service at the Charlottenburg Palace Chapel. A little after midday his Majesty took a drive in a closed carriage, the weather being chilly and rainy. His Majesty, who was accompanied by the Empress, drove to his old residence Unter den Linden, a building which is henceforth to be called the Emperor Frederick's Palace. The Emperor's coach was followed by four other carriages, conveying the Princesses, the doctors, aides-de-camp, and attendants. The Imperial couple were met by their son, the Crown Prince, with the Crown Princess, at the Palace, where they all lunched together. The party returned to Charlottenburg after an hour's stay. Vast crowds again assembled in Unter den Linden and gave the Emperor and Empress another enthusiastic ovation, in which Sir Morell Mackenzie came in again for his full share.

The German Emperor's life now is very simple and regular. On rising at about half-past seven o'clock he drinks a cup of peptonised chocolate, recommended by Professor Lexden. Two hours later he breakfasts, chiefly on fish, poultry, and sometimes caviar, to which he is rather partial. His hour for dining will appear primitively early to Londoners. It is one o'clock. Dinner consists of soup, fish, and a joint, with always one sweet dish. At four his Majesty drinks a cup of coffee, taking it, when the weather is fine, in the Rotunda of the Orangery. Supper is served at eight o'clock, and consists generally of meat or poultry. The Emperor drinks very little wine. On the other hand, he drinks a good deal of milk, sometimes qualified with a little whisky. His Majesty also drinks a mineral water, which is brought fresh daily from the watering-place of Hall in Upper Austria, and which is said to exercise a very beneficial influence on his health. After two or three experiments with massage, that treatment has been given up for the present, as it seemed to fatigue his Majesty too much.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

France is to be congratulated on the ease with which yet another Ministerial change has been effected. On March 30, the Ministry of M. Tirard was put into a minority for stupidly standing out against the proposed revision of the Constitution. The House divided, with the result that the proposal for urgency was adopted by 268 against 237 votes. M. Tirard, on leaving the House, proceeded straight to the Elysée. The Ministers placed their resignations in the hands of President Carnot, who accepted them.

M. Floquet at once succeeded in forming a new Cabinet. He is himself President of the Council and Minister of the Interior. M. De Freycinet is Minister of War; M. Goblet, Foreign Affairs; Admiral Krantz, Navy; M. Lockroy, Public Instruction; and M. Peytral, Finance. M. Floquet's opening address on Tuesday was warmly cheered by the Republican majority of the Chamber.

General Boulanger on March 30 issued his address to the electors of the Nord, in which he says:—"When I was a Minister I said that if I desired war I should be a madman, but that if I did not prepare for it I should be a villain. My sentiments have undergone no change." In continuation, the address declares that the inaction of Parliament and recent events have proved that the Chamber has ceased to represent the aspirations of the country, and that the two no longer understand each other. The only remedy for the impotence of Parliament is, says General Boulanger, a dissolution of the Chamber and a revision of the Constitution.

The Duke of Cambridge inspected the troops at Shorncliffe on Tuesday morning.

The Prince of Wales, Grand Master of English Freemasons, has consented to preside at the centenary festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls. His Royal Highness has appointed June 7 for the festival.

Fatal Duel.—Count Abraham Gyuerky, Governor of Neograd County, and Count Tibor Károlyi, one of the first Hungarian Magnates, fought a duel on Monday at Csurgo, near Stuhlweissenburg. Count Károlyi was killed.

The London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company did their best to dispatch the large numbers of Volunteers and of the general public who travelled on their lines during the Good Friday and Easter Holidays. It is right, when Volunteer Commanding Officers are being praised, that the valuable services of our capable Railway Managers should be remembered. They are among the most masterly organisers in the kingdom.

Disordered Stomach and Bilious Attacks.—A Gentleman writes:—"Dec. 27, 1887. After twelve months' experience of the value of the 'Vegetable Moto' I unhesitatingly recommend their use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so gentle, and yet so effective, that nothing equals them in my opinion. They have never failed to give the wished-for relief. I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction with a small glass of Eno's 'Fruit Salt.'—Yours gratefully, One who Knows." Eno's "Vegetable Moto," of all Chemists. Price 1s. 1½d.; post-free, 1s. 3d.—Eno's Fruit Salt Works, London, S.E.—[Advt.]

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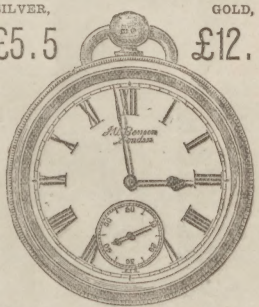

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Description—THREE-QUARTER PLATE ENGLISH LEVER WATCH, of BEST LONDON MAKE, with Chronometer Balance, Jewelled throughout, and Patent Protection from Dust and Damp. Keeps better time than, and is double the strength and value of, any Watch made.
Thousands of Testimonials from Wearers in all parts of the world.
Made in Four Sizes:—Ladies.
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Working Men generally; and
Specially large and strong for Miners and Railway-men.
In extra Strong Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Dome Cases, £5 5s.; or in 18-carat Gold Crystal Glass Dome Cases, £12 12s. Lady's size, £10 10s.

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KEYLESS "LUDGATE."
SILVER, £8.8 GOLD, £20

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Jewelled throughout. True Chronometer Balance. Patent Protection from dust and damp. In Massive Sterling Silver hall-marked Dome Cases, engine-turned or polished, in strong Crystal Glass, Hunting, or Half-Hunting Cases, £8 8s.; or in heavy 18-carat Gold Cases, £20.
An ILLUSTRATED BOOK, explaining the advantages of the "LUDGATE" ENGLISH LEVER over the ordinary Lever Watches, post-free on application. Also Pamphlets on WATCHES (from £2 2s. to £250), CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, and PLATE.
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COL. THE HON. PAUL METHUEN,
COMMANDING THE DOVER FORCE.

THE BATTLE OF DOVER.

The field operations conducted this Easter at Dover, Eastbourne, Portsmouth, and Aldershott have once again proved to demonstration what a splendidly zealous and efficient defensive force we have in our Volunteers. Their fighting capacity may be sufficiently indicated here by an account of the

ENGAGEMENT NEAR DOVER ON EASTER MONDAY.

Our gallant Volunteers had, as usual, braced themselves for Monday's fighting by a series of brisk manœuvres and trying marches on Good Friday and Saturday. At Dover on Sunday the streets were thronged with men in uniform, as a rule neatly dressed and well set up. There was little to distinguish most of them from the regular soldiers, and the general good behaviour was very striking with so large a body of troops suddenly brought together in a garrison town. The Royal Standard, floating over the Castle and the Lord Warden Hotel, indicated that his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief was in the town with his Staff. An excellent map, together with copies of carefully detailed orders, were issued to all concerned, and in them was given the

"SPECIAL IDEA"

On Monday the invaders, having been strongly reinforced, attack the position covering Dover. The advance on Dover by Hougham is covered by the guns of the citadel. The operations on both sides on Easter Monday are to be confined to the ground between the Dover-Shorncliffe road, and the Alkham, Wolverton, and Kearsney road.

Colonel the Hon. Paul Methuen (portrayed as a proved friend of the Volunteers, whom he has often led) had the task of defending Dover with a force of 6417 men against Major-General P. Smith's attacking force of 7134. The rendezvous, fixed at nine a.m. for the attacking force, was on Creteway Down, north of Folkestone, whence the army was ordered to march to the general line Satmar-Alkham, facing due east, and there, after being inspected, they were to remain until a gun gave the signal for attack.

The task committed to Colonel Methuen of barring the advance of the Invading Force to Dover, was a singularly difficult one, as the ground, although admirably suited for the defence of certain positions against a superior force, was yet ill-adapted for the defence of a long line of country. The centre of the position was Park Hill, a mere ridge, separated by a valley, in which lay Poulton Farm, from the right at St. Radigund's Abbey, and by an even steeper valley, in which lay, somewhat to the rear, the large building known as The Elms, from the left at Church Hougham. It was some little time past half-past eleven, the hour at which the fight was to begin, before

THE SIGNAL GUN FIRED.

Very shortly afterwards the assailants showed in front of Mount Ararat and West Hougham, and Methuen's cavalry and artillery fell back from their advanced positions. Long lines of the assailants could be dimly made out through the driving rain, which just at this moment blurred the scene, and aided to screen the movements of General Smith's troops advancing over Gorse Hill and Copt Hill, the former somewhat to the right of, and the latter nearly facing, our centre. Methuen's artillery on Park Hill now added their fire to that of the Royal Artillery, which was falling back slowly, and unlimbering and delivering its fire wherever suitable positions were found. The enemy's cavalry soon showed at the corner of a hedge some five hundred yards from St. Radigund's Valley, and, although exposed to continuous volleys from two battalions there, and to the

FIRE OF A MAXIM GUN

in front of the Abbey, they were some five or six minutes before they decided to move, by which time in actual warfare there would assuredly have been no man or horse alive. With regard to the rapidly-firing machine Maxim guns (illustrated in our front Illustration), we learn that several of the attacks during the day were helped by them, "the rapid patter from the Maxims, which resembled the distant puffing of the engine of a railway-train, or

CAPTURE OF A TRICYCLE.

the heavy, marked beat of the less rapid Gatlings or Gardners, proving a marked and strange feature to many onlookers of the fight." The hedges lining the lane between Crook's Court and Hougham Court were fringed with musketry smoke, a Nordenfeldt gun opened fire here, masses of troops advanced from West Hougham, and a very formidable attack suddenly developed itself. So rapidly did the assailants advance that, before any assistance could be sent from the Reserve, the defenders of Church Hougham were forced to evacuate the village and fall back.

THE FIGHT WAS VERY STUBBORN

at this point; the Munster Regiment and the other battalions of the Reserve came up, and the guns of the Cinque Ports soon took the assailants in flank. The position of these guns, however, was precarious; the invaders had pushed up the valleys on either side of them, and had a rush been made the guns must have been taken, for there was no considerable force of infantry to guard them. The attack up the valley between Park Hill and St. Radigund's was now being pushed with vigour, and the firing was hot on this side as well as on the left and centre. The defenders' left had fallen back to a strong line formed by The Elms in the valley and Elm Wood, extending up the hill on the left. The Reserves were also fully at work, and the progress of the invaders was checked.

COLONEL METHUEN

now began a movement which would have speedily altered the complexion of the fight. It was plain that the attack upon his right was a feint, and that the whole force of the enemy was engaged on his left. He therefore swept round the whole of his right, drove the two battalions skirmishing there before him, regained Poulton Farm, and was advancing up Park Hill, when

"CEASE FIRING"

was sounded. It was a pity that the night could not have continued a quarter of an hour longer. At the end of that time Methuen's first Brigade would all have been massed upon Park Hill, and their fire would have taken the assailants in flank. The battalion advancing down the valley against The Elms would have been, theoretically, annihilated, and a fresh and very interesting situation would have been created. However, the fight was a most satisfactory one. In the first place, it represented the conditions and uncertainties of real warfare far better than any previous sham-fight has done. It enabled the commanders of both forces to exhibit much tactical skill.

THE MARCH PAST

was very well done, and the comparison between 1888 and 1878 was marked. The Volunteers marched quite as well as the Regulars—in fact, on the whole, better. The London Scottish were, as usual, remarkable for their steadiness, dressing, and swing. The novel features were the increase in the number of machine-guns (as indicated in our first Engraving) and the march past of the cyclists even before the cavalry. To Colonel Alt's energy in past years is due the introduction of the former among the Volunteers; to Colonel Savile, who commanded the military "wheelmen," is due the trial of the cycle for military purposes in England. About seventy men paraded, and, formed in sections, marched past, leading their machines. Of the total some twenty-five had, after returning to Guildford from Winchester on Saturday, entrained to Ashford, and thence marched in under Lieutenant Balfour. Of the remainder the majority had done nearly the whole distance from Winchester to Dover on wheels. These two novelties, the birth possibly of a greater development, mark the close of the Volunteer manœuvres of this year.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE

issued the following General Order to Volunteers on Monday evening:—

His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief was present on Saturday last at the manœuvres carried out under the direction of Colonel Sir Baker Russell, K.C.B., in the neighbourhood of Eastbourne, and on Easter Monday his Royal Highness was present at the field-day and subsequent march-past, which took place near Dover. The Commander-in-Chief has again to record his approbation of the general efficiency and steadiness of the Volunteers, which his Royal Highness considers very creditable to all concerned. The Commander-in-Chief was pleased to notice the presence at Eastbourne of the mounted troop of the Honourable Artillery Company, and of detachments of the Royal East Kent and Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry at Dover. The soldier-like appearance and smartness of these troops deserve to be commended. His Royal Highness considers that all the arrangements made by Major-General Moore, commanding the South-Eastern District, and by Colonel Sir Baker Russell, K.C.B., and their staff officers, both at Dover and Eastbourne, were in every way satisfactory. His Royal Highness approves of the manner in which the officers commanding divisions and brigades carried out the duties of their various commands. By order,

(Signed)
GODFREY CLERK, Dep. Adjt. General.

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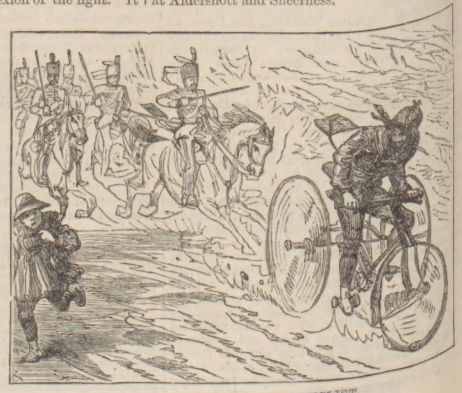
The Volunteers at Eastbourne were on Monday reinforced by Regular troops and other Volunteers from London, Brighton, and other places. These were divided into opposing forces, under the respective commands of Colonel Trotter and Colonel Auchinleck. A series of operations culminated in an engagement at Jevington, which was followed by a march past Sir Baker Russell, who was in supreme command.

The naval attack on Hayling Island and the south-eastern defences at Portsmouth resulted on Monday in a victory for the assailants. The invaders had an advantage arising from the circumstance that their guns were of 7000 yards range, while those used in the forts were only of 2500 yards range. The invaders were able, consequently, to silence the forts; and this having been done, they effected a landing at Hayling Island. There were also interesting operations at Aldershott and Sheerness.



CHASING A VOLUNTEER 'CYCLIST.

"With one hand I clung to the stiff mane of the monster; with the other I held Almah."

A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT
FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER.

CHAPTER XXI.—(*Continued.*)

THE FLYING MONSTER.

For an instant I hesitated; but then the sight of her, seated there as coolly as though she were on a chair, reassured me, and I climbed up also, though not without a shudder. The touch of the fearful monster was abhorrent; but I conquered my disgust and seated myself close behind Layelah. Here she sat holding the reins in her hands, with the grapple just in front of her; and, seated in this position, she went on to explain the whole process by which the mighty monster was guided through the air.

No sooner had I found myself actually on the back of the athaleb than all fear left me. I perceived fully how completely tame he was, and how docile. The reins attached to his wings could be pulled with the greatest ease, just as one would pull the tiller-ropes of a boat. "Familiarity breeds contempt"; and now, since the first terror had passed away, I felt perfect confidence, and under the encouragement of Layelah, I had become like some rustic in a menagerie, who at first is terrified by the sight of the elephant, but soon gains courage enough to mount upon his back. With my new-found courage and presence of mind I listened most attentively to all of Layelah's explanations, and watched most closely the construction and fastening of the harness; for I thought had occurred to me that this athaleb might be of avail in another way—that if I did not fly with Layelah I might fly with Almah. This thought was only of a vague and shadowy character—a dim suggestion, the carrying out of which I scarce dared to think possible; still, it was in my mind, and had sufficient power over me to make me very curious as to the plans of Layelah. I determined to find out where she proposed to go, and how far; to ask her about the dangers of the way and the means of sustenance. It seemed, I confess, rather unfair to Layelah to find out her plans and use them for another purpose; but then that other purpose was Almah, and to me at that time every device which was for her safety seemed fair and honourable.

"Here," said Layelah, "here, Atam-or, you see the way of escape. The athaleb can carry us both far away to a land where you need never fear that they will put you to death—a land where the people love light and life. Whenever you are ready to go, tell me; if you are ready to go now say so, and at once I will open the door and we shall soon be far away."

She laid her hand on mine and looked at me earnestly; but I was not to be beguiled into any hasty committal of myself, and so I turned her proposal away with a question:

"How far is it," I asked, "to that land?"

"It is too far for one flight," said Layelah. "We go first over the sea till we come to a great island, which is called Magones, where there are mountains of fire; there we must rest, and feed the athaleb on fish, which are to be found on the shore. The athaleb knows his way there well, for he goes there once every season for a certain sacred ceremony. He has done this for fifty or sixty seasons, and knows his way there and back perfectly well. The difficulty will be, when we leave Magones, in reaching the land of the Orin."

"The Orin?" I repeated. "Who are they?"

"They are a people among the Gojin who love life and light. It is their land that I wish to reach, if possible."

"Where is it?" I asked eagerly.

"I cannot explain," said Layelah. "I can only trust to my own skill, and hope to find the place. We may have to pass over different lands of the Gojin, and if so we may be in danger."

"What is the reason why the athaleb goes to Magones every season?" I asked.

"To take there the chief pauper of the season, who has won the prize of death by starvation. It is one of the greatest honours among the Koskin."

"Is Magones barren?"

"It is an island of fire, without anything on it but craggy mountains and wild rocks and flowing rivers of fire. It stands almost in the middle of the sea."

"How can we get away from here?" I asked, after some silence.

"From here? why, I open the gates and the athaleb flies away; that is all."

"But shall we not be prevented?"

"Oh no. No one here ever prevents anyone from doing anything. Everyone is eager to help his neighbour."

"But if they saw me deliberately mounting the athaleb and preparing for flight, would they not stop me?"

"No."

I was amazed at this.

"But," said I, "am I not a victim—preserved for the great sacrifice?"

"You are; but you are free to go where you like, and do what you like. Your character of victim makes you most distinguished. It is the highest honour and dignity. All believe that you rejoice in your high dignity, and no one dreams that you are anxious to escape."

"But if I did escape, would they not pursue me?"

"Certainly not."

"What would they do for a victim?"

"They would wonder at your unaccountable flight, and then choose some distinguished pauper."

Layelah was silent for a few moments, and then went on in a musing tone.

"As I was saying, I love you, Atam-or, and I hate Almah because you love her. I think Almah is the only human being in all the world that I ever really hated; and yet, though I hate her, still, strange to say, I feel as though I should like to give her the immense blessing of death, and that is a very strange feeling indeed for one of the Koskin. Do you understand, Atam-or, what such can possibly be?"

I did not answer, but turned away the conversation by a violent effort.

"Are there any other athalebs here?"

"Oh, yes."

"How many?"

"Four."

"Are they all as tame as this?"

"Oh yes, all quite as tame; there is no difference whatever."

Upon this I left the back of the athaleb, and Layelah also descended, after which she proceeded to show me the other monsters. At length she unharnessed the athaleb, and we left the cavern.

CHAPTER XXII.

ESCAPE.

On the following *yom* I told everything to Almah. I told her that Layelah was urging me to fly with her, and that I had found out all about her plans. I described the athalebs, informed her about the direction which we were to take, the island of fire,

and the country of the Orin. At this intelligence Almah was filled with delight, and for the first time since we had come to the *aune* there were smiles of joy upon her face. She needed no persuasion. She was ready to set forth whenever it was fitting, and to risk everything upon this enterprise. She felt as I did, and thought that the wildest attempt was better than this dull inaction.

Death was before us here, and every *jom* as it passed only brought it nearer. True, we were treated with the utmost kindness, we lived in Royal splendour, we had enormous retinues; but all this was a miserable mockery, since it all served as the prelude to our inevitable doom. For that doom it was hard, indeed to wait. Anything was better. Far better would it be to risk all the dangers of this unusual and amazing flight, to brave the terrors of that drear Isle of fire, Magones; better to perish there of starvation, or to be killed by the hands of hostile Gojin, than to wait here and be destroyed at last by the sacrificial knife of these smiling, gracious, kind-hearted, self-sacrificing fiends; to be killed—aye, and afterward borne to the tremendous *Mistee Kosch*.

There was a difficulty with Layelah that had to be guarded against: in the first place, that she might not suspect, and, again, that we might choose our time of escape when she would not be at all likely to find us out. We resolved to make our attempt without any further delay. Layelah was with us for the greater part of that *jom*, and the Kohen Gadol also gave us much of his company. Layelah did not seem to have any suspicions whatever of my secret purpose; for she was as bright, as amiable, and as devoted to me as ever; while the Kohen Gadol sought, as before, to make himself agreeable to Almah. I did not think fit to tell her about Layelah's proposal, and therefore she was quite ignorant of the secret plans of the Kohen Gadol, evidently attributing his attention to the unfailing amiability of the Koseltn.

Layelah came again after Almah had retired, and spent the time in trying to persuade me to fly with her. The beautiful girl was certainly never more engaging, nor was she ever more tender. Had it not been for Almah it would have been impossible to resist such sweet persuasions; but as it was I did resist.

Almah was waiting, and she soon joined me. We gathered a few articles for the journey, the chief of which were my rifle and pistol, which I had not used here, and then we set forth. Leaving our apartments we traversed the long passages, and at length came to the cavern of the athalebs. We met several people on the way, who looked at us with smiles, but made no other sign. It was evident that they had no commission to watch us, and that thus far Layelah's information was correct.

Upon entering the cavern of the athalebs my first feeling was one of helplessness; for I had no confidence whatever in my own powers of managing these awful monsters, nor did I feel sure that I could harness them; but the emergency was a pressing one, and there was no help for it. I had seen where Layelah had left the harness, and now my chief desire was to secure one of the athalebs. The faint light served to disclose nothing but gloom; and I waited for a while, hoping that one of them would come forward as before. But waiting did no good, for no movement was made, and I had to try what I could do myself to rouse them. So I walked farther in towards the back part of the cavern, peering through the gloom, while Almah remained near the entrance.

As I advanced I heard a slight noise, as of someone moving. I thought it was one of the athalebs, and walked on farther, peering through the gloom, when suddenly I came full upon a man who was busy at some work which I could not make out. For a moment I stood in amazement and despair, for it seemed as though all was lost, and as if this man would at once divine my intent. While I stood thus he turned and gave me a very courteous greeting, after which, in the usual manner of the Koseltn, he asked me with much amiability what he could do for me. I muttered something about seeing the athalebs, upon which he informed me that he would show them to me with pleasure.

He went on to say that he had recently been raised from the low position of Allun to that of Feeder of the Athalebs, a post involving duties like those of ostlers or grooms among us, but which here indicated high rank and honour. He was proud of his title of "Epet," which means servant, and more than usually obliging. I at once took advantage of his complaisance, and requested him to show me the athalebs. Upon this he led the way farther on, where I could see through the gloom the shadowy outlines of four monsters, all of which were resting in an upright posture against the wall, with their claws fixed on a shelf of rock. They looked more than ever like dragons, or rather like enormous bats, for their wings were disclosed hanging in loose leathern folds.

"Can they be roused," I asked, "and made to move?"

"Oh! yes," said the Epet, and without waiting for any further request he proceeded to pull at the loose fan-like wing of the nearest one. The monster drew himself together, gave a flutter with his wings, and then moved back from the wall.

"Make him walk," said I, eagerly.

The Epet at this pulled upon his wing once more, and the athaleb moved forward.

"Bring him to the portal, so that I may see him." said I.

The Epet, still holding the athaleb's wing, pulled at him, and thus guided him toward the portal. I was amazed at the docility of this terrific monster; yet, after all, I thought that it was no more astonishing than the docility of the elephant, which in like manner allows itself to be guided by the slightest pressure. A child may lead a vast elephant with ease, and here with equal ease the Epet led the athaleb. He led him up near to the portal, where the aurora light beamed through far brighter than the brightest moon, and disclosed all the vast proportions of the monster. I stood and looked on for some time in silence, quite at a loss what to do next.

And now Layelah's words occurred to me as to the perfect willingness of the Koseltn to do anything which one might wish. She had insisted on it that they would not prevent our flight, and had given me to understand that they would even assist me if I should ask them. This is what now occurred to me, and I determined to make a trial. So I said,

"I should like to fly in the air on the athaleb. Will you harness him?"

I confess it was with some trepidation that I said this, but the feeling was soon dissipated. The Epet heard my words with perfect coolness, as though they conveyed the most natural request in the world, and then proceeded to obey me, just as at home a servant might hear and obey his master, who might say, "I should like to take a ride; will you harness the bay mare?"

So the Epet proceeded to harness the athaleb, and I watched him in silence; but it was the silence of deep suspense, and my heart throbbed painfully. There was yet much to be risked. The gates had to be opened. Others might interfere. Layelah might come. All these thoughts occurred to me as I watched the Epet; and though the labour of harnessing the athaleb was simple and soon performed, still the time seemed long. So the collar was secured around the neck of the athaleb, with the grapple attached, and the lines were fastened to the wings, and then Almah and I mounted.

The Epet now stood waiting for further orders.

"Open the gates," said I.

The Epet did so.

Almah was seated on the back of the athaleb before me, holding on to the coarse mane; I, just behind, held the reins in my hand. The gates were opened wide. A few people outside, roused by the noise of the opening gates, stood and looked on. They had evidently no other feeling but curiosity.

All was now ready and the way was open, but there was an unexpected difficulty—the athaleb would not start, and I did not know how to make him. I had once more to apply for help to the Epet.

"How am I to make him start?" I asked.

"Pull at the collar to make him start, and pull at both reins to make him stop," said the Epet.

Upon this I pulled at the collar.

The athaleb obeyed at once. He rose almost erect, and moved out through the gate. It was difficult to hold on, but we did so. On reaching the terrace outside the athaleb expanded his vast wings, which spread out over a space of full fifty feet, and then with vigorous motions raised himself in the air.

It was a moment full of terror to both of us; the strange sensation of rising in the air, the quivering muscles of the athaleb at the working of the enormous pinions, the tremendous display of strength, all combined to overwhelm me with a sense of utter helplessness. With one hand I clung to the stiff mane of the monster; with the other I held Almah, who was also grasping the athaleb's hair; and thus for some time all thought was taken up in the one purpose of holding on. But at length the athaleb lay in the air in a perfectly horizontal position; the beat of the wings grew more slow and even, the muscular exertion more steady and sustained. We both began to regain some degree of confidence, and at length I raised myself up and looked around.

It did not seem long since we had left; but already the city was far behind, rising with its long, crescent terraces, sparkling and twinkling with innumerable lights. We had passed beyond the bay; the harbour was behind us, the open sea before us, the deep water beneath. The athaleb flew low, not more than a hundred feet above the water, and maintained that distance all the time. It seemed, indeed, as if he might drop into the water at any time, but this was only fancy; for he was perfect master of all his movements, and his flight was swift and well sustained.

Overhead the sky was filled with the glory of the aurora beams, which spread everywhere, flashing out from the zenith and illuminating the earth with a glow brighter than that of the brightest moon; beneath, the dark waters of the sea extended, with the waves breaking into foam, and traversed by galleys, by merchant-ships, and by the navies of the Koseltn. Far away the surface of the sea spread, with that marvellous appearance of an endless ascent, as though for a thousand miles, rising thus until it terminated half way up the sky; and so it rose up on every side, so that I seemed to be at the bottom of a basin-shaped world—an immense and immeasurable hollow—a world unparalleled and unintelligible. Far away, at almost infinite distances, arose the long lines of mountains, which, crowned with ice, gleamed in the aurora light, and seemed like a barrier that made for ever impossible all ingress and egress.

On and on we sped. At length we grew perfectly accustomed to the situation, the motion was so easy and our seats were so secure. There were no obstacles in our way, no roughness along our path; for that pathway was the smooth air, and in such a path there could be no interruption, no jerk or jar. After the first terror had passed there remained no longer any necessity for holding on—we could sit and look around with perfect freedom; and at length I rose to my feet, and Almah stood beside me, and thus we stood for a long time, with all our souls kindled into glowing enthusiasm by the excitement of that adventurous flight, and the splendours of that unequalled scene.

At length the aurora light grew dim. Then came forth the stars, glowing and burning in the black sky. Beneath there was nothing visible but the darkness of the water, spotted with phosphorescent points; while all around a wall of gloom arose which shut out from view the distant shores.

Suddenly I was aware of a noise like the beat of vast wings, and these wings were not those of our athaleb. At first I thought it was the fluttering of a sail, but it was too regular and too long continued for that. At length I saw through the gloom a vast shadowy form in the air behind us, and at once the knowledge of the truth flashed upon me. It was another monster flying in pursuit!

Were we pursued? Were there men on his back? Should I resist? I held my rifle poised, and was resolved to resist at all hazards. Almah saw it all, and said nothing. She perceived the danger; and in her eyes I saw that she, like me, would prefer death to surrender. The monster came nearer and nearer, until at last I could see that he was alone, and that none were on his back. But now another fear arose. He might attack our athaleb, and in that way endanger us. He must be prevented from coming nearer; yet to fire the rifle was a serious matter. I had once before learned the danger of firing under such circumstances, when my opmahera had died in terror at the report, and did not wish to experience the danger which might arise from a panic-stricken athaleb; and so as I stood there I waved my arms and gesticulated violently. The pursuing athaleb seemed frightened at such an unusual occurrence, for he veered off, and soon was lost in the darkness.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ISLAND OF FIRE.

At last there appeared before us what seemed like a long line of dull-red fires, and as we looked we could see bursts of flame at fitful intervals, which shone out for a few moments and then died away. Upon this now our whole attention was fixed; for it seemed as though we were approaching our destination, and that this place was the Island of Fire—and this, which, from present appearances, was fully justified. As we went on and drew steadily nearer, the mass of glowing fire grew larger and brighter, and what at first had seemed a line was broken up into different parts, one of which far surpassed the others. This was higher in the air, and its shape was that of a long, thin, sloping line, with a burning, glowing globule at each end. It seemed like lava raining down from the crater of a volcano, and this appearance was made certainty on a nearer approach; for we saw at the upper point, which seemed the crater, an outburst of flame, followed by a new flow of the fiery stream. In other places there were similar fires, but they were less bright, either because they were smaller or more remote.

At length we heard beneath us the roar of breakers, and saw long white lines of surf beating upon the shore. Our athaleb now descended and alighted; we clambered to the ground, and I, taking the grapple, fixed it securely between two sharp rocks. We were at last on Magones, the Island of Fire.

The brightness of the aurora light had left us, but it needed not this to show us the dismal nature of the land to which we had come. It was a land of horror, where there was nothing but the abomination of desolation—a land overstrewn with blasted fragments of fractured lava-blocks, intermixed with sand; from which there arose black precipices and giant mountains that poured forth rivers of fire and showers of ashes and sheets of flame. A tremendous peak arose before us, with a crest of fire and sides streaked with red torrents of molten lava; between us and it there spread away a vast expanse of impassable rocks—a scene of ruin and savage wildness which cannot be described, and all around was the same drear and appalling prospect. Here in the night season—the season of darkness and of awful gloom—we stood in this land of woe; and not one single sign appeared of life save the life that we had brought with us. As for food, it was vain to think of it. To search after it would be useless. It seemed, indeed, impossible to move from the spot where we were. Every moment presented some new discovery which added to the horror of Magones.

(To be continued.)

WRECK OF A BRITISH STEAMER.—Information has just reached New York of the wreck of the British steamer Swallow, near Shanghai, on Feb. 22 last. The captain with a number of the crew and several passengers were saved, but the steamer's boats, in which thirty-one persons escaped from the wreck, are still missing, and slight hopes of their safety are entertained.

EVERY man or woman suffering from any form of nervous derangement, loss of power, debility, or functional disorder should send at once for "Electropathy; or, Harness's Guide to Health," (copiously illustrated). It will cost you nothing, and if, after perusal of the astounding facts it will bring to your notice, you should be persuaded to stop physicking and try rational treatment, you will assuredly be numbered among the ever-increasing multitude who daily express their gratitude for the priceless benefits they derived from mild continuous currents of electricity generated by wearing HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT. Don't hesitate a moment, but sit down at once, lest you forget it, and write for the treatise, which will be sent you free by post. Address MR. C. B. HARNESS, Consulting Electrician, the MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, Limited, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place).—[ADVT.]

The Playgoer.

WHEN Mr. Augustus Harris decided to revive the great sporting drama of "A Run of Luck," conjointly written by Mr. Henry Pettitt and himself, the skilful and enterprising Manager of Drury-Lane did a wise act. This thoroughly English Turf piece was compulsorily withdrawn at the height of its popularity; and its reproduction is rendered particularly seasonable by reason of the Durham-Chetwynd controversy and the Jockey Club scandals, which do not escape comment on the stage of Drury-Lane. The popular favourite at the National Playhouse, Mr. Harry Nicholls moves the house to laughter at will by his vivid and easy portrayal of a rascally Cockney hanger-on of the Turf—Charlie Sandown—who has now for his wily and swell confederate Mr. Herbert Standing, whose handsome appearance gives distinction to the part of the arch-schemer previously impersonated by Mr. Cartwright. The characters originally sustained by Miss Alma Murray and Miss Sophie Eyre are admirably filled by Miss Fortescue and Miss Maud Milton. Another new-comer, pretty Miss Blanche Massey, enacts the fair cousin, who believes in the wayward young Squire to the end. The comedy scenes between Mr. Victor Stevens and Miss Edith Bruce go as brightly as ever. Mr. R. W. Gardiner returned to his part of the fast young Squire, and Mr. Percy Lyndal distinguished himself by the earnestness which he threw into the part of his half-brother. It is in the stirring last act that this engrossing drama concludes with the realistic presentation of the Grove and Goodwood Races. A word to the wise: let me counsel the newly-engaged artistes unaccustomed to so large a stage as Drury-Lane to "speak up," and quicken their action, thus adding to the success of their performances. Drama is the favourite fare this Easter. The Brothers Gatti find "The Bells of Haslemere" yet ringing out so jubilantly, and with such triumphant results, that they have built next the Adelphi a magnificent new marble palace of refreshment, which they call the Strand Restaurant. The opening of this handsome and elegant new restaurant did not prevent the Adelaide Gallery from being thronged on Easter Monday, when any number of family parties were to be seen comfortably taking tea or dining there. Be in time to see "The Golden Ladder" (which was performed for the fiftieth time on Wednesday) ere it is withdrawn from the Globe, which Mr. Wilson Barrett quits at the end of the month, but only to appear in a larger play-house, planet, it is to be hoped. The public will doubtless be glad to find the Strand so far "returning to its muttons" as to revive burlesque in the shape of Mr. F. C. Burnand's smart travestie of the unwholesome "Ariane," notice of which is necessarily deferred.

Miss Helen Barry, who proceeds to America for a restful holiday prior to her professional autumn campaign in the States, on Tuesday produced at a Prince of Wales's matinée a remarkably neatly written four-act drama, "Held Asunder," by Mr. Malcolm Watson, the smart young author who has provided the German Reeds with a trio of merry drawing-room entertainments. The new play is interesting and powerful: the curtain falls each time on an effective situation; and, when certain discursive passages have been cut away, "Held Asunder" should prove a favourite piece in the repertoire of Miss Helen Barry. Opening in New York with the dramatic manslaughter or murder of René Prével by Paul Merrion in a moment of fury, occasioned by the attempt of the villanous René to throttle his deserted wife (Paul's sister), and with the discovery of the corpse on the floor of her room by Philip Leigh, who is in love with the captivating actress, the play closes in England with Philip's unwitting prevention of the marriage of his father to the same fascinating lady, whom the son regards as the murderer of her scoundrel of a husband. The confession of the brother brings about a happy ending, and the pairing of Clara Trevanyon with Philip Leigh instead of with Sir Henry Leigh, her old admirer. "Held Asunder" was capitally enacted by Miss Helen Barry (who was the recipient of many bouquets), Mr. Sant Matthews, Mr. Fred Gould, Mr. Felix Pitt, Mr. William Herbert, Mr. Sidney Brough (whose naive and natural boyish love scenes with Miss Angela Cudmore were highly entertaining), and Miss Fanny Coleman. Mr. Malcolm Watson was called before the curtain, and deservedly applauded for the neatness of his workmanship. He is fortunate to have received a commission for another play from that clever and sympathetic actress, Miss Helen Barry.

Mr. H. Beerbohm-Tree last Saturday night added in the weirdly vivid impersonation of Narcisse Rameau, the imaginary humble husband of the famous or infamous Pompadour who ruled France through Louis XV., a striking figure to that gallery of artistic characters it is simply wonderful for so comparatively young an actor to have created. Original of the mirth-moving curate in "The Private Secretary," of the dark and insidious murderer in "Called Back," of the old German merchant in "Partners," Mr. Tree has the distinguishing merit of completely losing his own identity in the parts which have made him famous. His Narcisse is instinct with the same stamp of genius, and, when familiarity with the performance has toned it down, causing him to reach the culminating point of tragic intensity by easy and gradual stages, the great merits of this latest stage-portrait of this consummately clever artist will be generally acknowledged. Made familiar in London many years ago through the romantic play of "Narcisse," in which Mr. Bandmann sustained the rôle of the deserted husband, the plot of Messrs. W. H. Wills and Sydney Grundy's piece of "The Pompadour," is exceedingly powerful. Narcisse is a poor, broken-down, ragged vagrant, who, led by Voltaire to the dissolute Court of Louis XV. at Versailles in search of his runaway wife, recognises the King's favourite, the Marquise De Pompadour, as his faithless spouse, and fills her with terror and remorse by confronting her at the crowning moment of her glory, when she is within an ace of being declared Queen of France. This startling episode brings the first act to an effective close. Nemesis takes another form. Quite unknown to the Pompadour, the son of herself and Narcisse has been adopted by the Prime Minister, and this gallant young courtier so mortally offends her by openly denouncing her vices that he is sentenced to be shot by the King. After her maddened husband has, in a play-scene in the manner of "Hamlet," brought home her infidelity and sin to her, she hears what she believes to be the fatal volley which is to seal the fate of the young man she too late learns is her son, and the crushed Pompadour falls in a dead swoon at the feet of her husband, who is at the last consoled by clasping to his heart the son who has been saved by a ruse. Powerful materials! With the requisite compression and changes they should make a very attractive drama. In the matter of stage adornment, nothing has been left undone. In so far as brilliant scenery, and sumptuous silken costumes and elaborate periwigs will make history live, the Haymarket management has certainly revived the period of Louis XV. A small fortune must have been lavished on the splendid mounting of "The Pompadour." Note the chaste richness of the fine dresses and costumes worn by the belles and beaux in the lustrous sword-dance; and the beauty of the frocks in the dainty dance of Madame Katti Launer's juvenile troupe! The sumptuary embellishments of "The Pompadour" evidently charmed Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Kendal, Florence St. John, Miss Marion Terry, and the numerous other public favourites to be recognised in the audience, and will become the talk of the town. I began by offering a tribute of praise to the picturesque central figure of Narcisse as realised with poetic fervour by Mr. Tree. If Mrs. Tree did not display the seductiveness which gained for the Pompadour supremacy over the King, it was because the authors restricted her almost entirely to tragic situations. By the intensity of her earnest acting Mrs. Tree surprised most of those present. The pretty love-making of Mr. Fred. Terry and Miss Janet Achurch as the Pompadour's son and Mathilde de Bonflers was a delightful foil to the serious scenes, both acting with sympathetic effect. The Voltaire of Mr. Charles Brookfield, full of rudely witty epigrams, was a capital study. The Louis XV. of Mr. Henry Ashley was imbued with the requisite gallantry; and the Queen of Miss Rose Leclercq with dignified repose. The De Choiseul of Mr. Royce Carleton was clearly defined; and the broad comedy was done justice to by Miss Le Thiere as a wide-skirted Marquise, by Mr. Brookfield as aforesaid, and by worthy Mr. Vollaire as an unctuous Diderot, and Mr. Charles Allan as Grimm. It should be said that the light and tripping music was furnished by Mr. Hamilton Clarke; that the superb scenery is by Mr. Telbin and Mr. Johnstone; and, when so much depends upon the magnificence of the Court dresses, it is but fair to add that Messrs. L. and H. Nathan were the tasteful costumiers.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal conclude their supremely bright comedy duel in "A Scrap of Paper" at the St. James's to-night; and next Monday appear, with Mr. Mackintosh and Miss Fanny Brough, in Lovell's play of "A Wife's Secret," beautifully mounted and costumed, and stage-managed to perfection by Mr. Hare.

Exit sweet Mary Anderson! Enter Miss Geneviève Ward in "Nance Oldfield" and in her powerful impersonation of the adventuress Stéphanie in "Forget-Me-Not," the Lyceum attraction for Easter week. Beautiful Miss Dorothy Dene, Mrs. Canninge, and Mr. W. H Vernon add force to this popular play.

Mr. George Giddens has begun his management of the Novelty in Great Queen-street, where farcical comedy is to be the staple of attraction, with a merry revival of Mr. T. G. Warren's laughter-lifting "Nita's First," with Mr. W. J. Hill to aid in making mirth; and the clever young actor from "the Cri." has done well to preface it with such an admirable little first piece as Mr. Jerome's "Fennel," adapted from "Le Luthier de Crémone," of François Coppée.

Miss Grace Hawthorne (who fills with poetical effect the part of the poor girl of the slums in "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab") is to be the heroine of the new drama, "Dorothy Gray," with twenty-five speaking parts, by Mr. J. F. Nisbet, who is to superintend the production of his very promising play at the Princess's matinée, next Tuesday. "The Mystery" reaches its fiftieth performance to-night.

"Variety is charming!" You will find the motto strictly in vogue at the brilliantly bedizened Alhambra, at the popular Pavilion, and at the Oxford Music-Hall, where Mr. J. H. Jennings courts fortune with an exceptionally strong bill.

The Emperor Frederick on Tuesday ordered his horse which he used during the Franco-Prussian War in 1870-71 to be brought before him, and expressed great satisfaction at the continued excellent condition of the animal.

King Humbert has sent 40,000f. for the sufferers from the inundations in Germany.

The Empress of Austria and suite occupied the Royal box at Drury-Lane on Tuesday night, and witnessed "A Run of Luck."

"Cleaning Silver."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish, may be obviated by using Goddard's Non-Mercurial Plate-Powder. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[Advt.]

To Students.—To all those who burn the "Midnight Oil," engaged in mental labour, we would recommend Cadbury's Cocoa; its comforting, exhilarating, and sustaining powers are extraordinary. Beware of imitations.—[Advt.]

Railway Servants.—Signalmen, Engine-Drivers, Porters, and others, who have frequently long intervals of work between meals, should drink Cadbury's Cocoa, a sustaining beverage, agreeable and comforting, during long spells of work. Beware of imitations.—[Advt.]

EASTER MONDAY BATTLE OF DOVER: THE DEFENDING FORCE OF COLONEL METHUEN WARMLY ENGAGED.

EASTER MONDAY BATTLE OF DOVER: THE DEFENDING FORCE OF COLONEL METHUEN WARMLY ENGAGED.

Chat of the London Gossips.

["What the *World* says."]

Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree, in New Cavendish-street, is accorded by Mr. Edmund Yates the place of honour as the *World* "Celebrity at Home":—

"Mr. Beerbohm Tree rises at once to welcome you; promptly tosses his part (for such it proves to be) into the roomy fauteuil which already shelters Parton's 'Life of Voltaire,' 'Narcissa: Ein Trauerspiel von A. E. Brachvogel,' a copy of 'Les Dames de France,' and the great *édition de luxe* of the Brothers Goncourt; and assures you good-humouredly, as he passes his hand lightly over his somewhat uncontrollable auburn hair, that he has neither relics to show you nor reminiscences to relate. He cannot even boast the picturesque *déshabillé* of some of his dramatic brethren, for he is dressed in a conventional suit of dark tweed, which in no way savours of the coming glories of 'The Pompadour.' Mr. Beerbohm Tree is pleased to indulge in a modest protest concerning the prosaic character of his surroundings, in which his charming wife, who comes in fresh from the inspection of her newly-arrived costumes, joins.

"Proof-engravings after Frank Dicksee's 'Romeo and Juliet' series hang on the walls; on the tiny overmantel you see a portrait of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's pretty three-year-old daughter Viola, whose early indications of histrionic ability are eagerly looked for; and photographs of his relatives, General Von Pape and General Von Unruh."

Their Royal Highnesses delayed their departure for Sandringham in consequence of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark having found it necessary to change their plans and return to Copenhagen sooner than they had originally intended. The Prince of Wales comes back to Mariborough House next Monday for a few days, and he goes to Newmarket for the Craven meeting, returning to town for the season on Thursday, the 19th, on which day the Princess of Wales and her daughters will also arrive from Sandringham.

The Emperor of Russia has given a most unequivocal proof of his friendly feelings towards the Court of Berlin, by sending to Count Herbert Bismarck the Order of St. Alexander Newsky, the third in the Empire, the first being the St. Andrew, of which Prince Bismarck is a Knight.

The Queen of Sweden is still the observed of all observers at Bournemouth. She takes her exercise generally on a diminutive donkey.

The King of Sweden pays a flying visit to the Queen of Spain at Madrid, before going to Lisbon. His Majesty will come to England from Lisbon by sea, arriving in this country towards the end of May.

Lord and Lady Cranbrook are entertaining a very large party at Hemsted Park, to celebrate their golden wedding. All Lord and Lady Cranbrook's sons and daughters-in-law, as well as their grand-children, have subscribed together, and are putting up a handsome reredos in the parish church to commemorate the event.

Miss Terry is going to Heidelberg for a short holiday, before the Lyceum season commences.

Prince Bismarck's paper-mill at Varzin, which was burnt last year, has been rebuilt at a cost of £50,000, and is now one of the largest and most complete establishments of the kind in Germany. It is lighted throughout by electricity, and the daily production averages fifteen tons.

Prince Bismarck realises enormous profits every year from this paper-mill, and also from his Varzin distillery, and from the sales of timber in the extensive forests around Friedrichsruh.

The Oxford and Cambridge crews are not likely to soon forget Niagara "by the pale limelight," the *cuisine* of M. Emile Beguinot, the hospitality of Mr. Hollingshead, or the oratory of Mr. G. A. Sala.

A grand Masonic banquet will take place in Dublin early in May, under the auspices of the Duke of Abercorn, Grand Master for Ireland; and in connection therewith a ball will be given in aid of the Masonic charities, under the patronage of the Duchess of Abercorn and a committee of Irish ladies.

["*Truth* to Tell."]

The Queen has become anxious to visit the German Emperor and Empress before she returns to England.

Her Majesty stays at Florence till Monday, April 16, and, in the event of her going to Germany, she will travel direct from Florence to Potsdam by the St. Gothard route, a journey which could be accomplished in thirty-six hours.

When the Queen last visited Italy, nine years ago, she resided for three week at the Villa Clara, near Baveno, on Lago Maggiore, and there were only six fine days during her stay there.

The Prince and Princess go to Scotland on Monday, May 7; next day they officiate at the Glasgow ceremony; on Wednesday, the 9th, they travel south to Blackburn, where there is a function on Thursday, the 10th; and on the evening of that day they return to London.

The whole trip has to be accomplished in four days, as the Queen proposes to hold a Drawing-room on Friday, May 11, and the Prince and Princess must be back in town to attend it.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will probably visit Aldershott in June, for the purpose of inspecting the 2nd Battalion of the Princess of Wales' Own Yorkshire Regiment (19th), which is now at the camp for a few months before going on foreign service.

The officers sent the Princess, as a Silver Wedding gift, an exceedingly beautiful plaque in silver repoussé work, bearing, in silver relief, a representation of the Toilet of a Pompeian Lady.

By far the most valuable "Silver Wedding" present that either the Prince or the Princess of Wales has received is a superb necklace of rubies and diamonds, which was sent from St. Petersburg, as the joint gift of the Emperor and Empress of Russia. It is composed of carefully-selected stones, and several of the rubies are of remarkable size.

The term for which Lord Rosebery rented Lansdowne House will shortly expire, and he has bought Lord Londesborough's house in Berkeley-square, which is to undergo a thorough renovation.

Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill had a large dinner party before Easter at their house in Connaught-place, at which Mr. Chamberlain was the principal political guest.

Count Zang, who died last week at Vienna, leaving a fortune of £1,000,000, commenced life as a baker.

The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, who have been residing at Bestwood since the beginning of October, come to town next week, and they have rented Hampden House from the Duke of Abercorn for the season.

Sport.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

attended the Household Brigade Steeplechases, with Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, at Sandown Park last Saturday, when H.R.H.'s Hohenlinden won the Open Military Cup with the greatest ease.

ON EASTER MONDAY,

Kempton Park drew a large holiday crowd, and M.P. won the Easter Handicap. At Manchester, Spahi won the Lancashire Handicap Steeplechase. Manchester and Gosforth Park Meetings were concluded on Tuesday, when Northampton also weighed in.

COMING TURF EVENTS.

Although the Leicestershire Handicap was, in town on Monday, the medium of a fair number of wagers, they were all of an unimportant character; and therefore the appended quotations must be regarded as nominal. Quotations:

LEICESTERSHIRE HANDICAP. (*Run April 7.*)

5 to 1 agst Oberon (t)	8 to 1 agst Johnny Morgan (t)
8 to 1 — Tib (t)	10 to 1 — King Monmouth (t)

CITY AND SUBURBAN. (*Run April 11.*)

4 to 1 agst Merry Hampton (o, t 9 to 2)	20 to 1 agst Non Droit (t)
9 to 1 — Rêve d'Or (t & w)	20 to 1 — The Baron (t & o)
10 to 1 — Candlemas (o, t 100 to 9)	22 to 1 — Ashplant (t)
	25 to 1 — Woodland (t & o)
	25 to 1 — King Monmouth (t)
100 to 6 — Fullerton (t)	66 to 1 — Gallinule (t)
20 to 1 — Kilwarlin (t)	

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS. (*Run May 2.*)

5 to 4 on Friar's Balsam (laid and offered)
5 to 1 agst Ayrshire (t & o)

DERBY. (*Run May 30.*)

7 to 4 agst Friar's Balsam (o)	100 to 25 agst Gafore (t)
9 to 1 — Ossory (o; t 10 to 1)	33 to 1 — Duke of Marlborough (t & o)

PARIS SPRING MEETING

was inaugurated on Monday. The Prix du Cadran, worth 1366 sovs. to the winner, was taken in a canter by Baron A. De Schickler's Krakatoa. M. A. Lupin won the Prix de Lutèce of 400 sovs. with Avril, and an own brother had been previously successful in the Prix de Guiche, for three-year-olds, Storr riding in each instance.

THE MEMBERS OF THE SHAW,

Shrewsbury, and Lillywhite team have sailed for England in the Coptic, as we learn from a Wellington telegram dated March 30. They played their last match at Canterbury against a local eighteen. Rain interfered with the game, which ended in a draw.

THE NOTTS COLTS' MATCH,

usually begun on Easter Monday, was postponed in consequence of the wintry weather.

THE CANADIAN LACROSSE TEAM

played the second match of their tour last Saturday, when they met the well-known South Manchester team at Didsbury, near Manchester. The Canadians gained an easy victory.

THE SPARTAN HARRIERS

commenced a two-days' athletic meeting last Saturday on the Tufnell Park Ground. Four events were decided, in one of which a most creditable performance was accomplished by W. J. Fry, a member of the promoting club, who won the two miles open handicap, from the 95 yards mark, in the good time of 9 min. 45 sec., by a hundred yards from A. J. Brown, Finchley Harriers, 62 yards start. The field was a very large one, and included A. B. George, S.H., 62 yards start; S. Thomas, Ranelagh Harriers, 62; and many other well-known athletes.

MORTLAKE FOOTBALL CLUB SPORTS.

The tenth athletic meeting under the auspices of this club was held on Monday, at Mortlake, in the presence of thousands of spectators, whilst at the close of the sports H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck presented the prizes. The open two miles running handicap fell to S. R. Atkins, of the Spartan Harriers, who ran off the 40 yards' mark, W. Pollock Hill, the well-known Oxford University athlete, breaking down when he seemed to be winning. J. Fowles, of the Oakley Harriers, with 180 yards start, managed to beat C. J. V. Clarke, scratch, in the two miles' walk; and J. Strickberry, of the South Norwood Harriers, carried off the 300-yards' open handicap.

BICYCLING AT LEICESTER.

A race for the ten-mile professional bicycling championship was decided at the Aylestone-road Grounds, on Monday. After a good race, in which W. Wood, of North Shields, made nearly all the running, R. Howell, of Leicester, got in front in the straight, and won by two yards. Lumsden, of Aberdeen, was third. Time, 35 min. 22 sec.

BICYCLE-MATCH FOR £100.

5000 spectators were present at the North Shields Recreation Grounds last Saturday afternoon, when R. Howell, of Leicester, and W. Wood, of North Shields, rode fifteen miles for a stake of £50 a side. Wood won after a good finish by four or five yards in 51 min. 27 sec.

W. A. ROWE AND RICHARD HOWELL.

A bicycle-match has been ratified between these international champions for £100 a side, wherein they agree to ride the best of three bicycle-races, viz., one, five, and ten miles, the winner of two out of the three races to receive the stakes. The first race, five miles, to be run at the Belgrave-road Grounds, Leicester, on Saturday, April 14; the second, one mile, at Wolverhampton, on Saturday, April 28; and the ten miles match at Coventry on May 12.

ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST BATHS.

The new public baths for St. George's-in-the-East, situated in Betts-street, Cable-street, were last Saturday opened by the Rector (the Rev. C. H. Turner). The baths have been provided by public subscriptions, aided by three large donations of £3000 from Mr. A. Crowder, £2000 from Mr. F. C. Mills, and £1000 from the Rev. C. Turner. The building covers 8000 square ft., and the total cost, including that of site, is £20000, of which £1200 remains to be raised. The swimming-bath is 75ft. by 30 ft., and is fitted with forty-four dressing-boxes.

"BEAUTIFUL BOURNEMOUTH"

now boasts a fine sea-water swimming-bath, adjacent to the homelike Marlborough House of Mr. Alfred Roberts, and to the hygienic baths facing the pier.

THE 203-YARDS SHEFFIELD HANDICAP.

was concluded on Easter Tuesday at the Queen's Grounds. J. Ranson, Wood-green, 8½ yards start, won by a foot only; Clarkson, 8½, being second; Marriott, 8½, third; and Good, 8½, fourth. Betting ruled at 5 to 2 against the winner.

"OLDE ENGLYSHE SPORTS" AT ISLINGTON.

For the delectation of Bank Holiday visitors—of whom nearly 20,000 passed through the turnstiles—jingling-matches, sack-races, morris-dances, donkey-races, walking and climbing the greasy-pole, &c., were at the Agricultural Hall, on Easter Monday, sandwiched with an acrobatic entertainment by the clever Sisters Matthews, the Avolo Midgets, and Grant M'Anney in "his great 'Star' Bicycle Act." All these afforded ample amusement, while round about were the usual varieties of a country fair.

BILLIARDS.

The 8500-up spot-barred match in which North conceded Peall 850 start for £500 a side was brought to a close at the Westminster Aquarium last Saturday. Peall won by 1122 points. The best breaks on Saturday were 199 (135 off the red ball only), 130, 124, and 106 by Peall.

The 10,000-up spot-barred match in which the champion, J. Roberts, allowed his opponent, H. McNeil, 4000 start, was concluded at the Billiard Hall, Argyll-street, Regent-circus, on Saturday. Roberts scored at a very rapid rate, and making successive breaks of 143, 85, 296, 145, 122, 45, and 141 unfinished, won by 463 points.

W. J. Peall and F. White commenced a game of 12,000 up even at the Westminster Aquarium on Monday, White being allowed to make fifty consecutive spot hazards and Peall 100 similar strokes in one break. The scores at the close of play on the first day were—White (in play), 2000; Peall, 1646.

An exhibition spot-barred match between John Roberts, jun., and T. G. Sala (12,000 up) has been the feature of the week at the Billiard Hall, Argyll-street. The score at the end of the play on Monday night was—Sala, 5319; Roberts, 1800.

FOOTBALL.

LONDON CHARITY CHALLENGE CUP.

The Swifts (holders) and Casuals last Saturday, at Kennington Oval, contested the final tie for the charity cup in the presence of a numerous company. Neither team scored before half-time, but afterwards Bambridge obtained a goal for the Swifts, who won by one goal to none.

YORKSHIRE CHALLENGE CUP.

Wakefield Trinity and Leeds St. John's met in the semi-final round, at Dewsbury, on Saturday. Wakefield won by twelve minor points to none.

Halifax v. Huddersfield was played on Saturday at Manningham, when Halifax won by two goals and a try to nil.

LONDON'S ITALIAN EXHIBITION.

The number of applications for space in the Italian Exhibition have been nearly 3000, and further space being wanted, the executive council are providing two large new buildings in the western garden, with façades in imitation of a Tuscan farmhouse. There will be a troupe of celebrated burattini, or puppets, and the late King of Italy's hunting tent and paraphernalia will be shown in the grounds. There will be a Roman market-place, with a background consisting of views of the Sabine Hills, the Colosseum, the Palace of the Cæsars, the Forum, and the Arch of Titus. Fresh fruit and flowers will be brought daily from Italy and sold in the market. The New York dioramas will be replaced by one, now being prepared in Naples, of the Bay of Naples and the Italian naval squadron.

BRAVE BRITONS.

The committee of the Royal Humane Society has conferred medals and other rewards upon the undermentioned persons:—Henry Wallace, T. A. Christian, Ellen Blyth, and Mary Wallace, for saving four persons from the schooner Burns and Bessie, which was driven ashore at the Point of Ayre, Isle of Man, on March 11 last. The crew had taken to the bowsprit when Henry Wallace plunged into the sea with a rope, the end of which was held by the other persons, and after great exertions the four men were eventually saved.

Medals were also awarded for saving or attempting to save life to Arthur Herbert Crouch; to James Baird, Yeoman of Signals, her Majesty's ship Terror; to J. Keiley; to H. Foster Smith, formerly in the Marine Society's training-ship Warspite; to J. Harris; to Walter Ogilvie, of the Agricultural College, Aspatria, Carlisle; to F. J. Kitchener; to S. Bacon; to T. Roberts; to James Smith, of New Scone, Perth; to Walter Morton, late gunner in the Royal Artillery; and to Eugene Harper. Other recipients of the society's awards are Uriah Cooke, H. Hibbs, Sergeant-Major A. Stark, 2nd East York A.V., James Pepperall and T. Howes, Coastguard boatmen, and Charles C. Ellison.

Italy and Abyssinia.—The *Popolo Romano* of Tuesday announced that the Italian Minister of War considered that the peace negotiations with the Negus of Abyssinia had completely fallen through, and was of opinion that an engagement with the Abyssinians was probably imminent in the triangle whose apexes are Sabargouma, the hot-wells at Ailet, and Dembie.

A Heavy Penalty.—This is attached by Nature to those who neglect their teeth, in the shape of toothache, neuralgia, and indigestion; therefore keep them sound and white by the daily use of Rowland's Odonto, a pure, fragrant, and non-gritty tooth powder. Ask anywhere for Rowland's Odonto.—[Advt.]

Tobacconists Commencing.—For advice how to open remuneratively from any amount, however small or large, see Illustrated Catalogue, post-free.—Lesser Friedlander, 5, Houndsditch, London. Established sixty years. Oldest and cheapest house in the World.—[Advt.]

WHAT IS THIS DISEASE THAT IS COMING UPON US?

LIKE a thief at night, it steals upon us unawares. Many persons have pains about the chest and sides and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a while a cough sets in, at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greenish-coloured expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable, and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow; the urine is scanty and high coloured, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart; the vision becomes impaired, with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. It has been found that medical men have mistaken the nature of this disease. Some have treated it for liver complaint, others for kidney disease, &c.; but none of the various kinds of treatment have been attended with success, because the remedy should be such as to act harmoniously upon each one of these organs, and upon the stomach as well; for in Dyspepsia (for this is really what the disease is) all of these organs partake of this disease, and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup acts like a charm in this class of complaints, giving immediate relief.

Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup is for sale by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, price 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

An Almanack, containing Testimonials from persons who have received benefit from the use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, will be sent, post-free, on receipt of application, by the Proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 35, Farringdon-road, London, E.C.

1. Sandringham Church. 2. Old Oak in the Park. 3. Lych Gate, Sandringham Church. 4. Sir Dighton Probyn's House. 5. Bachelors' Cottages.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS AT SANDRINGHAM: AN ARTIST'S VIEWS.—[See "Court and Fashion," Page 211.]

THE SHOWMAN.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—

Spring delights to cough and bite, For 'tis its nature to! Granted! But it's our pleasing duty to point out the rift of blue in the sky—the gleams of sunshine which made the Easter Holidays not wholly unenjoyable. Friends, a thousand and one scenes of pleasure in humble life relieved the gloom of cloudy Easter Monday. It is a poor heart that never rejoices. Out and about, I was eye-witness to many an instance of the poor rejoicing in park and by-ways, on heath and common, with the soft turf under foot, and Heaven's pure air to breathe. The children: bless 'em! From Poverty Bay, in rags and tatters, they set sail with smiles on their lips, gladness in their hearts, for the breezy uplands which are the People's playgrounds. Showers damped not their ardour. The Rain, to do it justice, fell softly on the little waifs and strays, whose paths through life will in most cases be so thorny—if they have no kindly helping-hand held out to them. Dame Fortune aid ye, little lads and lasses! Work on; and remember that, all in good time, "Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil"!

Spring delights, nevertheless, to punish our devoted Volunteers. "How's your poor feet?" a popular London cry of old, might well have been revived after the great Volunteer outing at Dover and Eastbourne, Portsmouth and Aldershott. Pluckily as each rifleman came up to the scratch—marched, shot, or 'cycled, or went in for the Maximum of mitrailleusing—the weakest were bound to go to the wall. Behold one of the victims of the Battle of Dover! He escaped the admirable Medical Staff Corps—he met not Methuen—but, laid low by lumbago and mumps, neuralgia and rheumatism, toothache

and ear-ache, doctored himself. "En Revenant de la Revue" was hummed but glumly by him, as he sat with his poor feet in hot water, and gazed ruefully at his smashed cycle. With Tennyson, he sang, "Better fifty years of Europe than a *cycle of Cathay!*" Yet cure was nigh. Hope springs eternal in the human breast. 'T was St. Jacobs Oil that did the rest! Good old Jacob!

Spring may, as the poet says, come slowly up this way. But the Doctor is no laggard. It's a rare East Wind that blows no M.D. good. We pill and quaff till the pain is o'er: the reck'ning comes: we quaff no more—till next time!

Rent in arrears! That's not the complaint of Paddy alone this Spring. Not a bit of it! Hodge in the country—Sandy in the crofter land—aye, and many a poor clerk and hard-up tradesman and artisan in towns suffer from the same ill-luck. What is worse, they have to manfully bear their misfortunes. None to champion the working poor this side of St. George's Channel! At least, none till that strong and steadfast Statesman shall rise, who will resolutely lift the burdens from the shoulders of the industrious poor, and make life better worth living!

Joey Chamberlain was once thought to be that People's Statesman, whose coming is so sadly needed. Mayhap, 'tis only while the political April shower is falling that he treads the Primrose path of dalliance, and goes in for a little umbrella courtship with "Joseph's Sweetheart" in the fascinating person of a fair lady of the Primrose League. Well, well, flesh is weak! I cordially join with Birmingham in its hearty congratulations to Joe on his success as a Fishery Plenipo. at Washington; and I still look to him for great democratic services; but, with the G. O. M., one may yet call after him, more in sorrow than in anger, "Joey, Joey," whilst he courts the company of Countesses, is the pet at Court (when we have one), and lets Salisbury put any quantity of salt on his tail!

April Fools still abound, pray note, though the First is passed! Twig them in Vanity Fair? 'Tis there they most abound. Didn't they bloom at the Rothschild Ball to the Gaiety Company and Gaiety "Mashers"! Put not your trust in lasses, ye Spring "Mashers"! Remember—

Oh! how sweet womanhood resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April Day.

CODLIN.

THE ANGLO-DANISH EXHIBITION.

The Anglo-Danish Exhibition and Fête will be held during the summer months at South Kensington under the direct patronage of

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES,

and of the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, in aid of the rebuilding of the British Home for Incurables at Clapham. As this National charity was the first Institution in England to receive the patronage of the Princess of Wales, which was bestowed upon it within a few weeks of her Royal Highness's marriage, it is felt to be peculiarly fitting that the proposed exhibition should be held during the year when the silver wedding of their Royal Highnesses is being celebrated, of which event the new building for the Home for Incurables will form a permanent memorial.

THE GARDENS

of the exhibition will be laid out as a pleasant promenade, and will be magnificently

ILLUMINATED,

and in addition to the instrumental concerts, which will be given by well-known military bands, there will be constant

OPEN-AIR ENTERTAINMENTS

of a most attractive character.

The exhibition has the cordial support of the Duke of Cambridge, who is its President; the Duchess of Teck, who presides over the ladies' committee; of the Danish Minister; the Dukes of Portland, Wellington, Westminster, and Buccleuch; the Earls of Lytton, Amherst, and Fife; of the Lord Mayor, and a long list of other eminent persons.

The exhibition will be

OPENED IN MAY

(the precise date is not yet decided on) and will close at the end of September. Captain Bax is the Secretary of the Executive in London, Herr A. T. Möller acting in a similar capacity in Copenhagen.

A RATIONAL THEATRICAL TALE
of great interest is Now Appearing Weekly in the Popular Halfpenny Journal,
"EVERY WEEK,"
entitled,

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Ask your Newsagent for "EVERY WEEK," No. 978, in which this Romantic Story first commenced.

A COMPLETE NOVEL GIVEN AWAY with CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL, consisting of the new Sensational Story, "MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK," which is issued as GRATIS SUPPLEMENT with Nos. 233 and 235, price One Penny each. The FIRST SUPPLEMENT is given with THIS WEEK'S NUMBER, in which TWO SERIAL STORIES and other attractive features appear.

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Assisted passages are also granted to approved females, such as nurses, seamstresses, &c., and to labourers whose labour is connected with the land, such as ploughmen, gardeners, miners, navvies, and their families.
Forms of application, rates of passage, handbooks, and all other information may be obtained on application to
THE AGENT-GENERAL FOR QUEENSLAND,
1, Westminster Chambers, Victoria-st., London, S.W.

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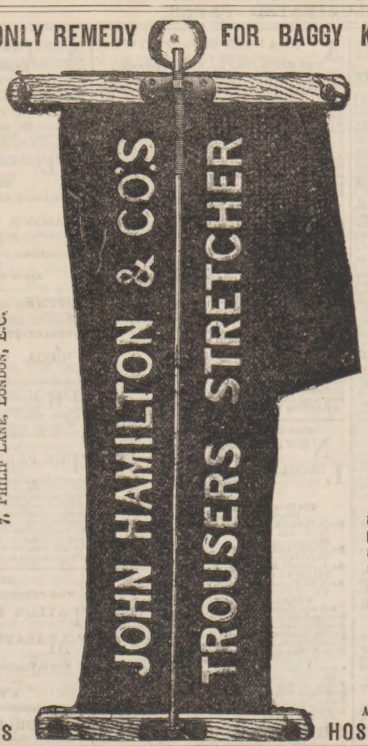

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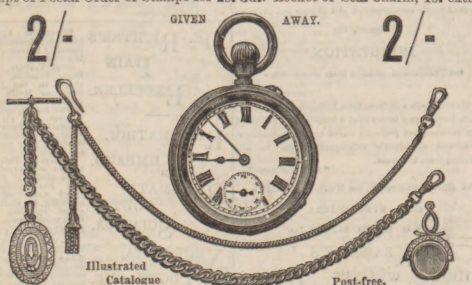

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"Sir,—I received the chain quite safely; it gave great satisfaction, and I am very pleased with the watch. "T. BRUCE."

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"Sir,—Will you please forward me one of your Egyptian Gold Chains? same as you sent a friend of mine the other day, which I was very pleased with, more so the watch presented. "A. COLLINS."

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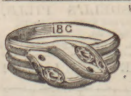

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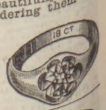

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"Dec. 3, 1887.—Gentlemen,—The rings to hand this morning. I consider them to be better than what you state; I am fully satisfied and delighted.—Yours truly, J. T. A., Wood Green."

P. GRAHAM and CO., New Inn Chambers, WYCH-STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, aforesaid.—SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1888.